

THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

By JOHN E. HELMS.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1883.

VOL. XVII.-NO. 27.

PREPARATIONS

For Fall & Winter

Are proceeding rapidly with us, and we are getting in to shape for a Rushing Trade, such as we have a right to expect from our REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

A Grand Opportunity!

FOR THE PEOPLE;

And thus verify the OLD SAYING—

CLOTHING

YOUR OWN PRICES!

No Offer Refused for the following LOTS:

4632—Suits at.....	\$16 00
4630— " " " " " "	16 50
4676— " " " " " "	16 00
4574— " " " " " "	14 00
4535— " " " " " "	12 50
3115— " " " " " "	12 50
3818— " " " " " "	10 00
4714— " " " " " "	8 00
4682— " " " " " "	8 00
3795— Worsteds.....	16 50
4672— Cases.....	15 00
4684— Worsteds.....	16 50

P. S.—The above prices show what the goods have been sold for, as well as to show their intrinsic value.

Youth's, Boy's and Children's Clothing at a Great Sacrifice.

Furnishing Goods.

Will price a few leading articles: Best Hickory Shirts at 35cts. Best Cheviot Shirts at 35 and 50c. Bicycle " " with pockets, 40c.

GEO. C. WILLIAMS.

THE CLOTHIER.

THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

Subscription Price, \$1 50, invariably in advance, otherwise \$2.

Entered at the post office at Morristown, Tenn., second class matter.

An immense swarm of bees, coming from the south west, settled on the little town of Lafayette, Ky., Sunday the 16th, and stung every animate thing. Servants were going on at the church, and the people there were stung most terribly. Two fine horses and a mule were stung to death.

In the children's carnival at Saratoga recently, one little girl was dressed to represent a gold mine, and it is said she looked like a forty pound nugget. Her shoes were gilded, her stockings were of gold-colored silk, her pantaloons were bordered with golden fringe, and her gown was a mass of gilded silk bunched up so that it looked like a rough, irregular chunk of gold.

At the Farmer's State Convention at Nashville, week before last, the following Executive Committee for the State was appointed:

East Tennessee.—J. K. P. Wallace, of Anderson; C. W. Davidson, of Knox; A. Turley, of McMinn.
Middle Tennessee.—G. H. Slaughter, of Montgomery; W. R. Slusher, of Smith; P. Smith, of Davidson.
West Tennessee.—J. H. McDowell, of Union; Robert Gates, of Madison; Lewis M. Williams, of Dyer.

Col. Horace M. Polk died at his residence at Bolivar, Hardeman county, Tenn., on the 14th inst., of neuritis of the heart. Col. Polk was a member of the distinguished family whose name he bore, and was a gentleman of social and political prominence. He was a Senator in the General Assembly of 1875, and proved a laborious, intelligent and useful legislator. He took a great interest in awakening the people of his own county to higher success in farm products, and by his writings and profitable farming did much to inaugurate a new era in farm managing.

Cablegrams announce the arrival at Southampton, Sept. 27, of the steamer Athenian with "O'Donnell," the murderer of Carey on board. "O'Donnell," it is stated, maintains an easy demeanor, reiterates his former statement that the killing of Carey was done in self-defense, and expresses himself confident of acquittal. He states that he had a pleasant voyage and had not been in iron or handcuffs. His custodians treated him with remarkable kindness, allowing him to go on deck morning and afternoon, and had his meals served in his own cabin. The railway car in which "O'Donnell" was conveyed to London, and the charges preceding and following it, were filled with policemen.

Of the five distinct Methodist bodies in Canada, it is said four have become one, to be known as the Methodist Church of Canada. The Fifth, the British Methodist Episcopal, is a colored organization, and is formerly united with the African Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. The union is the result of the warm fellowship engendered by the Ecumenical Methodist Conference held in London in 1881. The difficulties were not of doctrine or general usage, but of policy and property. Three bodies were non-Episcopal, and the one Episcopal body must make a sacrifice. Lay representation was another question, but all seemed to have the spirit of concession, and each rallied the basis of union which the joint committee formulated.

North Carolina has furnished several remarkable stories this year. Here is the latest: A girl had her hand completely severed from her arm by an axe. The physician, not being in a condition to amputate the arm above the wrist, replaced the hand, secured it with silver stitches and adhesive plaster, and having bound both arm and hand to a board splint, ordered them to be kept warm with hot flannel cloths. The third day pulsation could be plainly felt in the left hand, which had also turned its color. Says the physician in charge: "I removed the flannel on the fourth day, and afterward she carried the hand in a sling, and in less than three months after the accident—able to extend the fingers and grasp with nearly the usual strength."

NOTES FROM LEE'S SPRINGS.

LEE'S SPRINGS, Tenn., Sept. 15.
To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:
At 6 o'clock last evening your correspondent, in company with C. V. Taylor, of Russellville, started from Knoxville for this noted mineral resort. The night was bright and beautiful. A clear piece of road cannot be found anywhere in East Tennessee than that lying between this place and Knoxville, after a delightful drive of five hours we arrived at this cozy spot. The place looked grand and picturesque in the mellow moonlight.

These springs are widely known all over the country. White and black sulphur and chalybeate water, all of the very best, is found here. This place is located at the foot of Clinch mountain, 22 miles from Knoxville, and 10 miles from McMinn's station. A pleasant place cannot be found anywhere. Over one hundred guests can be accommodated at one time. Nearly four hundred different persons have attended these springs this season. Only three guests are here now: Mrs. Fred Allen, of Galveston, Texas, and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bauman, of Knoxville.

Mrs. Hughes, the agreeable hostess, and her two fair daughters, Misses Mable and Lucy, are all here. They will remain until next month, when they will return to their Morrisville home. A peaceful quiet pervades the entire place now. The only excitement is the appearance of wild turkeys on the grounds. Farmers say they have never known it to be so dry before. The spring season here closes with this week, to open again early next summer.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The Princess Charlotte was the only child of George IV. of England, and his unhappy and outraged wife, Queen Caroline. She was consequently heiress to the throne of England. Her birth, on the 7th of January, 1796, was received with national exultation. Four months after her birth her royal parents, who had long been utterly estranged from each other, finally and angrily separated. Charlotte remained with her mother. Her education was superintended with the utmost care. But all her early years were embittered by the discord in the family.

One stormy night she fled alone, with hat and shawl, from her father's surveillance, and taking a hackney coach, sought refuge in her mother's bosom. She developed beauty of person, and great amiability of character, and became the idol of the British nation. On the 7th of January, 1814, Charlotte attained the age of eighteen. By the constitution of England she had reached her majority, and was capable of ascending the throne. Her grandfather, King George III., was in the chamber of a lunatic. Her father was prince regent. The allied sovereigns, having crushed the French Empire, made a triumphal visit to London. Leopold, a younger son of the duke of Saxe-Coburg, accompanied them, as the invited member of the household of a British lord. His family was one of the most ancient in Europe. He was highly educated, extraordinarily handsome, and in character and manners one of the most attractive and lovable of men. He soon became the lover of Charlotte, and his love was fondly returned. One of the ladies of honor of the princess objected that he was not rich.

"He is so poor," she said. "Why all his dominions will be hardly larger than a country parish."

"So much the better," the princess replied. "He will have the more time to attend to me."

The marriage was celebrated with great splendor, on the 2d of May, 1816. The bride and bridegroom took possession of the beautiful palace of Claremont, which was to be their home until the death of George IV., who was a worn-out debauchee, should summon Charlotte to the throne of England.

In a few months it was announced that the princess was soon to become a mother. Throughout the whole kingdom the people waited, with anxious expectation, the birth of a child, upon whose brow would legitimately descend the crown of England. When the expected hour of pain and peril came, the frail body of Charlotte was found unequal to the trial. Her sufferings were dreadful. After giving birth to a lifeless child she passed in to convulsions and died. It was the 25th of November, 1817. Charlotte was then twenty-one years of age.

The death of this princess, so sudden, so unexpected, and blighting prospects so brilliant, created a profound impression through-out the whole Christian world. The nation disgusted with the shameful profligacy of the prince regent, were anticipating, with great joy, the hour when the crown would be transferred to the brow of the universally beloved Charlotte. Leopold was utterly prostrated, and rendered almost insane by the dreadful blow. With unutterable agony he watched her as she convulsed shook her frame, and the pallor of death spread over her beautiful countenance. And when the words, "She is dead," fell upon his ear, he seemed bewildered and delirious in the magnitude of his woe. For three hours his mental anguish was such that it was feared that his reason would be permanently doctored.

It was with difficulty that his friends could induce him to be led away from the precious remains. He gathered around him all the mementoes which would recall her most vividly to his memory. For hours he sat in silence, lost in painful thought, by the side of her bier, and her cloak, which she had hung with her own hands upon a screen in the parlor on her return from her last ramble. The night after her death he sat through all the silent hours by the side of the corpse.

Once during the night, with tottering footsteps, he approached her coffin, removed the coronet and the cushion, and with quivering tears, and every nerve quivering with emotion, gazed long and silently upon the pale features, now cold in death, which he had so tenderly loved. Then, reading the inscription, he lost all self-control, and throwing himself upon the coffin, his whole frame became convulsed with uncontrollable sobbing.

The burial hour presented one of the most solemn and tragic scenes ever witnessed. It adds greatly to the impressiveness of state funerals that they are conducted in the night, and by torch-light. The night was very dark and gloomy, with gathering clouds and moaning winds, when the remains of Charlotte were borne to the tomb. The tolling of funeral bells, the dirge-like notes of the muffled drums, the solemn requiems from the most artistic bands, the flaming torches illuminating the scene with almost a supernatural glare, the waving plumes, the hearse, rich in the drapery of woe, the long procession of mourning-carriages, and the measured tread of the soldiery, with their gleaming swords, all combined to present a spectacle which no one present could ever forget. An eye-witness thus describes the scene:

"When I first gazed upon the heart-stricken countenance of Prince Leopold he was an object of universal sympathy. There, in the body carriage of George III., drawn by a full set of the king's horses, each horse attended by a groom in full state livery, sat the chief mourner of his late adored wife. Accompanying the prince were the Dukes of York and Clarence. And as all classes wept with no feigned sorrow. Well do I remember the prince regent's splendid black horse, fully caparisoned, bearing along slowly and solemnly, that bier in which were deposited the mortal remains of the fairest and brightest of her race.

"The servants and grooms of their departed royal mistress led the way. They went like young children. Then followed the servants and grooms of the royal family, on foot, in full state liveries, four and four, bearing flambeaux. The whole procession was flanked by the soldiery, every fourth man bearing a flambeau.

"I shall never forget the view of Prince Leopold. He had the aspect of a shattered tree, scathed, blasted, perishing. All his hopes and expectations seemed consigned to the grave. His big, manly tears fell in profusion, and he turned away with profound reluctance and agony from the spot where his wife and child were forever to remain." The scene in the chapel was imposing in the highest degree. As the coffin, surmounted by a canopy, was slowly borne on the shoulders of eight yeomen of the guard, through the long aisle, followed by Leopold as the chief mourner, the choristers chanted the solemn lay, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." All eyes were turned to the prince. Unwittingly his utmost exertions to preserve fortitude, he frequently burst into a flood of tears. As the coffin was lowered into the vault he was entirely unmanly, and wept convulsively. Handel's "Dead March in Saul" terminated this over-memorable scene.

The prince regent urged his grief-stricken son-in-law to return with him to Windsor Castle. The prince replied: "I must return to Claremont tonight, or I can never return."

For many years he lived in solitude. Rarely did a smile lighten his countenance. He moved silently and gently among his fellow-men, finding some solace in the universal sympathy with which he was ever greeted. Subsequently he was chosen King of Belgium. It is the uncontradicted voice of history that he was one of the best of men and best of sovereigns. After many years of widowhood he married the second daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French. All the world is familiar with the tragic fate of his daughter Charlotte, the now heart-broken widow of Maximilian, the martyred Emperor of Mexico.

A DEVASTATING DISEASE.

THE OUTBREAK OF MURRAIN AMONG TENNESSEE CATTLE.
An American reporter had a chat with a prominent State official, a day or two ago, regarding the recent outbreak of the murrain in Davidson county. This gentleman, judging from his remarks, was evidently conversant with the matter, and had seen a good deal of the effects of the murrain. He said among other things, that pasture-land that was grazed upon by cattle with the murrain is apparently infected with the disease for years to come. There were some instances within this gentleman's recollection, where cattle had died from being pastured on land that had not been used for five years after the murrain had died.

When cattle become afflicted with this devastating disease people are afraid to use milk or butter made from the milk of any cows in the neighborhood where the cattle are dying. Although the milk of a cow dries in a second or third day after it is first taken with the murrain there is a possibility, all ways of getting milk that might have been taken from a cow in the incipient stage of the lung fever, which some physicians maintain would be very hurtful to anyone partaking of it.

It was suggested during the conversation that should the ravages of the disease among the fine cattle in Middle Tennessee continue, it might become necessary for the Governor to convene the Legislature for the purpose of taking steps towards stamping it out.

The number of milk cows in Tennessee, according to the census of 1880, was 363,900; ranging from 27,312, and other cattle, 452,462. The number of pounds of butter produced in 1880 was estimated at 17,886 pounds, besides about 100,000 pounds of cheese.

From these figures the loss to the State from the general prevalence of the murrain among the cattle can be approximated.

Mrs. Youngwoman wants to know how to tell a fresh egg from a stale one. Taste it, goosey, taste it. The coming dress sleeve obliterates the shoulders of the corseage, extending in a point to the neck of the dress. Brides' dresses are trimmed with silver cords, silver galloon, and an embroidery of silver threads and beads. Skirts are still round, a trifle longer perhaps than last season, but they do not drag and must always clear the ground. The Gallic cock in metals of all colors gilt, bronze, or silver, and feathers, is a very fashionable ornament. It soothes and cools a feverish patient to bathe him with warm water in which a little salaratus has been dissolved. Carved wood ornaments are used to decorate dresses and bonnets.

SAM. J. RANDALL AS A JUROR.

Philadelphia Times.
"S. J. Randall." "Here," said the court officer, who has grown white haired, venerable and deaf in the service of justice, did not bear the reply.

"Samuel J. Randall," he repeated in a tone having a touch of quiveriness in it. Then, as if a new thought had struck he added: "Samuel J. Randall, M. C."

"Then came a saucy and sharp 'here, sir!' that stuck like a pin in the old crier's ear drum. The ex-Speaker had been invited as a member of the bar, to take a seat in the space reserved for lawyers. He declined, however, and said that he preferred to sit with his fellow jurors. When everything had been arranged District Attorney Graham, walking over to him, touched the bowed head and smiling said: "Well, Mr. Speaker, I see that we are to have the honor of your service."

"Honor," replied Mr. Randall, bracing up with an effort, and rising to grasp the hand of the prosecuting officer, who was as cool as the weather; "you flatter me."

"But we do not often have a member of Congress doing duty in Quarter-Sessions juries," said the ex-Speaker. "I think that every man ought to realize that fact. We hear a good deal nowadays about reform. Why not reform the condition of things under which so many men who ought to serve on juries do not? No man ought to be relieved from jury service who can not present a very strong reason. For myself I have no such reason. I am not too old; I am not too young; I am not too rich; I am not too sick. Here I am; here I stay."

The first jury drawn did not include him. The very last name drawn was that of Mr. Randall. The ex-Speaker, with his glistening black silk hat pressed gently up under his smooth round chin, stepped down into the box and sank into the last seat in the back row. The jurors all insisted that he should act as foreman and he consented. Only four cases were tried. The statesman drank in every word of the testimony and would not smile even when a prisoner who was clearly perjuring himself, was caught in the prosecuting officer's net. Three out of the four prisoners on trial were committed.

SAMUEL J. RANDALL RETIRES.

HE ENDS HIS TERM OF JURY DUTY AND RECEIVES HIS PAY.
Ex-Speaker Randall's term of service as a Quarter Session juror expired yesterday. This part of which he was one, was paid off, and discharged with the thanks of Judge Hare. Mr. Randall had served altogether five days. He was entitled to a fee of \$2.50 for each day. Some of the court officers had laid wagers on the question of the Congressman's accepting his fees. Odds were given that he would not. Two tipsters constituted themselves a committee to report the outcome. When Mr. Randall's name was called on no one answered. It was called a second time, but still no reply. The crier turned over the leaf and called another name. The officers who had had faith enough in sentiment to give odds on the point of his accepting his fees, smiled at each other and cashed up their winnings. An enthusiastic Democratic tipster was hugging himself with delight at having won six dollars, a new hat and a yearly pass in another man's name to Atlantic City, when the sight of a well-known figure entered at the court-room door gave him a chill. The figure moved solemnly up the broad aisle, crossed to the left and stopped beside the white-haired crier, with the gentlemanly "certificate, please."

The crier, who has been living too long to be surprised at anything, glanced at his visitor mechanically, filled up a form for \$12.50, pushed over a book and said, "receipt." The visitor signed in a large hand, "Sam J. Randall," folded up his certificate and stuck it in his pocket.

On his way up to the City Hall to get the certificate cashed Mr. Randall declared that his short experience as a juror was one of the most interesting of his life. He said that it seemed a simple thing enough and thought that the only reason why his action attracted attention was because so many men whose intelligence would make them excellent jurors pleaded private business to escape service. He assisted in deciding six cases altogether. Verdicts of guilty were returned in all of them except one. He set the example of making inquiries to ascertain out testimony, and no person about the court-house yesterday could recall a panel of jurors that asked more questions than those discharged with Ex-Speaker Randall.

ITEMS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Never put pickles in a jar that has had iron in it. Boeswax and salt will make rusty flat-irons as smooth as glass. Fish may be scaled much more easily by dipping for an instant in boiling water.

Shellac is the best cement for jet articles. Snacking the joint makes it black to smacking. A bag of hot sand is a good counter for cold feet in winter, if a hot water bag is not at hand.

Cream cures sunburn on some complexions, lemon juice some and cold water others best.

It will rest you wonderfully to change your seat in the room occasionally on have a long day's sewing to do. Tough meat may be made as tender as any by the addition of a little vinegar to the water when it is put on to boil.

New Advertisements.

Office of Oliver Chilled Plow Works, South Bend, Ind., Dec. 21, 1882.

Gentlemen: Following are your slaes of Oliver Plows in the territory assigned you for the past ten years:

1873, 542 Plows.	1878, 1088 Plows.
1874, 684 " "	1879, 1369 " "
1875, 732 " "	1880, 1440 " "
1876, 901 " "	1881, 2748 " "
1877, 1,000 " "	1882, 3044 " "

Very Respectfully, SOUTH BEND IRON WORKS.

P. S.—The remarkable increase of the OLIVER is an evidence of its superiority over all others. In the present prosperous state of the country we expect a larger rate of increase for the year 1883 than ever before. They are cheap, durable and unequalled in quality. Every Farmer should try them.

W. W. WOODRUFF & Co., General Agents.

Lookout Bank

MORRISTOWN, TENNESSEE.

[STATE DEPOSITORY.]

PAID UP CAPITAL STOCK \$50,000.

JAS. G. ROSE, President. JOHN MURPHY, Cashier.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: J. G. ROSE, W. A. HOWELL, JOHN MURPHY, J. O. ROSE, J. L. HOWELL.

STOCKHOLDERS: J. G. ROSE, John Murphy, J. L. Howell, W. A. Howell, J. P. Howell, J. O. Rose, J. O. Rice, E. H. Hale, Hamilton County; P. G. Fulkerson, Claiborne County; G. T. Stages, Carroll County; John Stokely, Cocke County; T. R. Read, W. B. Tate, Orange County.

Will Transact a General Banking Business. Receive deposits, buy and sell exchange, gold and silver, and make collections upon the most favorable terms.

WM. VAN HUSS, JOHN VAN HUSS.

W. VAN HUSS & BRO., Dealers in Staple and Fancy

Dry Goods, Boots, SHOES, HATS, CLOTHING, & NOTIONS.

A Complete Assortment of Groceries, Tinware, Lumber and Building Material.

We are sole agents for the Georgia Cement and can supply in cr chaunts at wholesale prices.

Proprietors of Saw Mill and Brick Yard. We have on hand and for sale the CELEBRATED "MILLS" which is the best and most durable. Mills, Sawing Machine Mills, &c. Call on or address us at MORRISTOWN, TENN. made by

MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL \$100,000.

DESIGNATED STATE DEPOSITORY.

S. B. Luttrell, President. Sam. H. Armstrong, Asst. Cashier.

THOS. O'CONNOR, B. N. HOOD, M. L. ROSE, E. H. HARRIS, STOCKHOLDERS.

These Officers, E. B. Sanford, A. J. Albert, M. L. Rose, J. T. Moore, B. N. Hood, S. B. Luttrell, Frank Murphy, H. H. Ingerson, S. P. Evans, J. R. Payne, C. M. McWhorter, T. H. Read, J. O. Rice, J. C. Camp, Ray Johnson, G. Corrick, W. A. Howell, J. P. Howell, J. O. Rose, Geo. W. Rose, M. A. Bearden, Elmore Rose, Wm. P. Chamberlain, Knoxville, W. O. G. Geo. L. Taylor, Johnson City, Jas. M. Cook, New Market, J. W. Dyer, Strawberry Valley, S. O. Jones, Newbern, Wm. Harris, Temple Harris, Danville; H. S. Hood, J. B. Burgess, J. M. Green, Marysville, James White, Morristown, Max Lee, R. S. Bell, Chase, J. W. Sledge, Wm. P. Bagg, J. L. Hamilton & Bro., Nashville, Chas. E. Taylor, Boone's Path &c.

Transacts a General Banking Business. Deals in Foreign and Domestic exchange. Sells Drafts on all the principal cities of Europe.

MORRISTOWN WAGON SHOP.

For sale at low figures:

8 FARM WAGONS; 3 HACKS; 1 PLEASURE WAGON; 1 PHAETON; 1 BUGGY; 1 CARRIAGE.

All home manufacture and made from the best materials.

ORDERS AND REPAIRS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

ALSO AT THE Morristown Tannery.

A Constant Supply of Leather.

WM. J. HOYT.

New Sash, Door and Blind Factory in Morristown

HARVEY LOOP, JOHN W. LOOP.

H. LOOP & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF

SASH DOORS AND BLINDS.

Also Matched Flooring, Ceiling, Weather-boarding, Brackets, Newells, Etc., Wood Turning of Every Description.

All Orders Filled and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 12 to 18 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Scrophulous, and all other chronic diseases, these pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for equal letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

MAKE HENS LAY

New Advertisements.

KNOXVILLE

Fire Insurance Company.

Office East Tennessee National Bank.

Capital Stock \$100,000.

OFFICERS: D. A. CAMPBELL, President. W. H. McCLUNG, Vice-President. Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

DIRECTORS: JOSEPH JACKSON, C. M. McGUIRE, A. G. DAVIS, F. W. TAYLOR, JR., W. H. McCLUNG, J. E. LUCKY, W. B. LUTTRELL, D. G. JACKSON, W. WOODRUFF, J. O. ROSE, J. P. HOWELL, J. C. CAMP, R. S. BELL, J. T. MOORE, J. O. ROSE, J. L. HOWELL, J. O. ROSE, J. O. RICE, E. H. HALE, HAMILTON COUNTY; P. G. FULKERSON, CLAIBORNE COUNTY; G. T. STAGES, CARROLL COUNTY; JOHN STOKELY, COCKE COUNTY; T. R. READ, W. B. TATE, ORANGE COUNTY.

FINANCE COMMITTEE: JOSEPH JACKSON, J. E. LUCKY, J. M. McGUIRE, C. E. LUCKY.

STOCKHOLDERS: JOSEPH JACKSON, J. E. LUCKY, J. M. McGUIRE, C. E. LUCKY, J. O. ROSE, J. L. HOWELL, J. O. ROSE, J. O. RICE, E. H. HALE, HAMILTON COUNTY; P. G. FULKERSON, CLAIBORNE COUNTY; G. T. STAGES, CARROLL COUNTY; JOHN STOKELY, COCKE COUNTY; T. R. READ, W. B. TATE, ORANGE COUNTY.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS, Cashier.

Wm. H. SIMMONS,